(Copy)

Roxbury, Oct. 25, 1868. 161

Dear friend May:

I have delayed answering your letter of inquiry concerning R. D. Webb, because I was not sure as to his location, and because I have been expecting each succeeding mail to bring me or Deborah a letter from him. That letter has just arrived, announcing that he is in New York, (Deborah, of course, accompanying him,) and most hospitably entertained at the Haydocks, 212 East 12th Street; in fact, as he says, "Lapped in lavender." My wife's brother-in-law, Mr Anthony, and his wife, of Providence, have invited Richard and Deborah to stop with them a day or two, en route to Roxbury and it is quite probable that they will accept the invitation. They will not leave New York before Wednesday, and he writes that "the chances are even that we may go direct to Boston." We shall certainly look for them all this week.

At Albany they had a good time with Phebe M. Jones and Lydia Mott, but a very dull and toresome day on the Hudson as the weather was wretched.

Richard says he can sit up the whole day in a high backed arm-chair with cushions, without much fatigue, but much walking or standing soon leaves him good for little. Dr. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell and Abby H. Gibbons have taken tea with him; and this (Sunday) morning he expects to have Horace Greeley at breakfast.

He also says that Deborah gets very touching letters from her sister's widowed husband in India. Richard bears the death of his beloved daughter very resignedly, especially on these grounds: — "She never clung much to life, and I am hopeful that she has made a good exchange for a life in India with its burning climate, from whence there was little hope of her return until after many years, when she might have come back with her already poor health still further enervated and undermined by the dreadful heat." And he

touchingly adds:— "When she left us, I thought it very improbable we should ever see her again."

I was sorry that I did not see Mrs May when she was so kind as to call upon us. I was taking a siesta at the time, and she was not willing to have me called.

As Balak was summoned to curse Israel, but gave a blessing instead, so John Quincy Adams, invited by South Carolina rebels like Wade Hampton to visit that State for the purpose of denouncing Gen. Grant and the Republican party, and glorifying Seymour and Blair, was constrained to utter encomiums and make confessions that must have tried his rebel auditors. But in going with the rebel and copperhead party, and for its line of policy, he is as bad as the worst practically. Only think of his father remaining dumb at such a crisis as this, and affecting neutrality as between the parties in conflict! Is this to be patriotic?

I presume you have seen and read Motley's admirable lecture before the Parker Fraternity on Tuesday evening last. I wish you could have been present at its delivery, which was really very fine, notwithstanding Motley's fear that he should make a failure of it.

There is evidently much confusion in the ranks of the Democratic leaders; but the rank and file will not be much divided, lacking as they are in intelligence and moral discernment.

Hoping to see you when you come to the city, and wishing to be affectionately remembered to your dear wife and children, I remain,

Your indebted friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

(Rev. Samuel May, Jr
Leicester
Mass.

Roxbury Oct. 25: 1868